

For as the sucking child or harmlesse lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnckle?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.

The King falls in a swoone.

Queene Ayme, the King is dead: help, help, my lords.

Suff. Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry, comfort.

King What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,

And thinks he that the cherping of a Wren,

By crying comfort through a hollow voice,

Can satifie my griefes, or ease my heart?

Thou balefull messenger, out of my sight,

For euen in thy eie-balls murther sits,

Yet do not go: come Basaliske

And kill the feely gazer with thy lookes.

Queene Why do you rate my lord of Suffolke thus,

As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?

The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,

And you had best say that I did murther him.

King Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death!

Queene Be woe for me, more wretched then he was,

What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leaper, looke on me,

Was I for this nie wrackt vpon the sea?

And thrice by aukward winds driuen backe from Englands

What might it bode but that well foretelling (bounds,

Winds said, seeke not a scorpions nest.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salisbury.

War. My lord, the Commons like an angry hiue of bees,

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,

For good Humphreys death, whom they report

To be murdered by Suffolke and the Cardinal here.

King That he is dead (good Warwicke) is too true,

But how he died, God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.

Good

Good father stay you with the rude multitude, til I returne.
Salsb. I will sonne.

Warwicke drawes the curtaines and shewes Duke

Humphrey in his bed.

King Ah vnckle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule,

Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soule, that tooke our shape vpon him.

To free ys from his fathers dreadful curse,

I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,

Vpon the life of this famous Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull oath sworne with a solemne tongue,

What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these wordes?

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,

Of ashie semblance, pale and bloudlesse:

But loe, the bloud is setled in the face,

More better coloured, then when he liude,

His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,

His fingers spread abroad as one that graspt for life,

Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murdered.

Queene Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge.

And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

War. Yea, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then these?

War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,

But wil suspect twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttockes nest,

But will imagine how the bird came there,

Although the Kite soare with vnbloudy beake?

Euen so suspicious is this Tragedie.

Queene Are you the Kite Bewford, where's your talants?

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his Knife?

Suff. I weare no Knife to slaughter sleeping men,

But heres a vengefull sword rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,